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A. O. PRATT des et del

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EDITOR'S DESK,	53	POEM,	59
HOW TO TEACH FRENCH,	53	A RIDE IN COLORADO,	59
NOTES,	55	THE EXPERIENCE OF A BUSINESS MANAGER,	60
SWORD FISHING,	58	SHORT ESSAYS FROM THE THIRD CLASS,	61
THE PYGMIES,	58		

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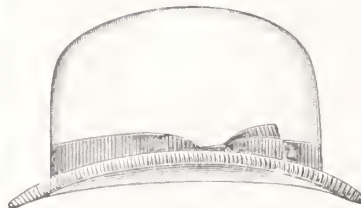
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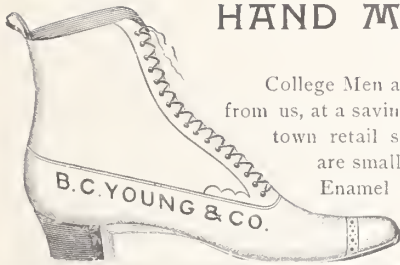
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Vol. XI.

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No. 4.

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EDITOR'S DESK.

WE are glad to see the new features of the school catalogue, which place it on an equality with the catalogues of the other large preparatory schools. A fuller and more explicit course of study, which gives the stranger a better idea of the aims and work of the school, is printed. This outline includes even an edifying extract from the statute book with reference to moral training. How fortunate it is that we are not marked in this study, for how few would pass! The text-book list is another welcome innovation. The history of the school remains as it ever has been and, doubtless, ever will be, until a new era commences. Our conceit might lead us to think that an extra page should be added to the history each year, recounting the deeds of the graduating class — two pages for '92, if you please. The poet, however, reminds us of how little consequence we are, but is considerate enough to use such beautiful language that we lose sight of the actual fact:

"We are forgotten; and in your austere
And calm indifference, ye little care
Whether we come or go, or whence or where.
What passing generations fill these halls,
Ye heed not; we are only as the blast,
A moment heard, and then forever past."

To return to the catalogue from this rather inappropriate digression, there is one misleading statement introduced. One would naturally conclude from reading the outline of the French course that the pupil was allowed to

choose between French and German. However we may wish this were so, it is not true and gives a wrong impression to the parent or educator who is reading for information.

THE First Class has continued its good work in destroying long-standing but harmful customs, by committing the selection of its class orator to competition. We cannot urge too strongly upon future classes the necessity of imitating this precedent. Nothing is more disgusting than to see any one go upon the platform and deliver an oration of very little power or meaning, simply because he has succeeded in getting the most votes from his prejudiced or thoughtless classmates. The new way is surely the only impartial one and ought to produce excellent results.

HOW TO LEARN FRENCH.

WE shall only speak in this article of the best way to learn French, namely, that of studying the language among the French people themselves. Of course, there are many methods of obtaining a thorough, theoretical knowledge of French, with a strong foundation of grammar, here in this country; but in order to be able to converse fluently and with the correct French accent one must go to France and study there.

Suppose an American boy of twelve goes to Paris to try and learn the language. His parents put him into a school, and abandon him to the tender mercies of the French boys, who are none too merciful by nature, let it be understood. They make the poor boy's life a burden to him. When he rises in the morning, several articles absolutely essential to the make-up of his toilet are sure to be missing. Then commences a dreary hunt after the lost property, in which he gets no assistance from his tormentors, you may be sure, and when at

Just his effects are brought to light, the breakfast bell has rung, and he is several minutes late. He goes down to breakfast with fear and trembling, and well may quake, for he can offer no excuse, as the master cannot understand a single word of English, and our American's French vocabulary is restricted to *oui* and *non*; the consequence is that he gets a severe caning. As the day goes on, his woes increase. In recitation time, the instructors put him questions in French, which he answers with a blank stare, and is therefore promoted to the foot of the class. At recess, his schoolmates eagerly seize the opportunity they have been waiting for all the morning, surround him, and put him through all kinds of hazing. Fortunate is he if he can make good his escape in time for the next recitation.

But all these petty annoyances fade into nothingness in comparison with what happens when bed time arrives. Perhaps his room-mates, seized with a kindly impulse, help him to undress in a very forcible manner, or possibly he is left severely alone until he stoops down to unfasten his shoes, and then a regular volley of canister and grape shot, in the shape of boots, sponges, and every conceivable object which can be thrown, whizzes past his ear. The dormitory master is very likely to be intoxicated, so he can look for no help in that quarter, and is obliged to fall back on his own resources, *i. e.* his fists. After a while, having been severely pummelled, he manages to crawl into bed, and falls into a troubled (in more senses than one) slumber.

But, aside from this phase of our American boy's school life, the benefit he derives from it is not great, for there are generally in a French school one or more American and English boys besides himself, and, naturally, they are his constant companions, talking English all the while, which is the worst possible thing for the acquiring of French. On the whole, a French school is not the ideal place in which to become a master of the language.

But the real way to learn French, and the one which is usually adopted, is to take up one's quarters with a French family, and talk nothing but French from morning till night. Suppose an American boy goes into a family, and sees his parents occasionally and then

only for a short time. At first he finds himself in many ridiculous situations, and his inventive genius is often called into service for new gesticulations with which to express his pent-up feelings. The family in which he has taken up his abode probably lives in a flat away up in the fifth story of one of the numberless apartment houses of Paris, and consists of the father, mother, two daughters, and one son about the age of our young friend. The young ladies give him his lessons, much to his satisfaction, and the boy shows him about the city on the top of the horse-cars, *alias* trams, and omnibuses. Let us spend a day with our American, and see how he manages to get along without knowing a word of French.

Breakfast is served in the morning about eight o'clock, and consists of coffee or chocolate, rolls, and toast; the last named article is toasted on a pair of tongs in a kitchen barely large enough to breathe in. The family attend this repast in rather negligé costume, the father usually appearing in a dressing-gown hastily put on over his night-shirt. After breakfast, a lesson lasting from one to two hours is struggled through, and then the French lad, whom we shall call Henri, takes our friend in tow and shows him some of the sights of Paris. This small tour is gone through with in almost absolute silence, with the exception of an occasional remark from Henri and an answering grunt from the American. Before they reach home, a shower comes up, and our hero dons a rubber coat, thereby exciting much derision among all who behold this much despised article of apparel. At length they arrive at their palatial apartments, and sit down to a very good luncheon.

After lunch, another lesson is given, and then the two boys sally forth in quest of new adventures. This time their destination is the Bois de Boulogne, and presently our friend finds himself in the midst of a crowd of French lads, most of whom are older than he, and who stare curiously at him, probably wondering whether he is a hard fellow to fight with or not. Our American begins to grow uneasy, when he hears some one say, "Good afternoon," and finds out that the leader of the boys, who has just arrived, is an English youth about eighteen years old. This personage treats our hero with

great kindness, and soon the favorite game of the French boys is in progress. All our friend does is to run and keep on running, until he thinks he is menaced with palpitation of the heart, but now the game comes to a close, and he sits down with a thankful heart and many secret invectives against the French games, which he considers pretty poor sport. A game of genuine "Prisoner's base" cheers him up a little, however; but soon it grows dark, and the boys scatter; Henri and himself take a bee-line for home. But our friend considers that he upholds the honor of the United States, and so has to engage in several contests à la fisticuff with the Parisian "muckers", who take him for an Englishman, and so haze him for all they are worth. Safely home at last, however, he despatches a good dinner, for the French family give him splendid things to eat, which fact reconciles him in great measure to his unhappy lot. When the time for retiring arrives, the dining-room is made to serve as bed-room for both Henri and him, which is somewhat inconvenient at times, but soon he forgets all his troubles, and dreams sweetly of —.

This gives a rather poor idea of an American boy's daily life in a Parisian family, it must be confessed, for many incidents, both comical and exciting, happen to him almost every day, but, such as it is, we trust that it may serve to keep some of our ambitious youth from trying the experiment. In the words of M. Reinhard:

"If you go to France,
Be sure to learn the lingo;
But if you do,
You will repent, by jingo!"

NOTES.

THE new catalogue of "Ye Free Schoole" has at last come, and it is pretty and neat enough to repay us for even a longer delay. Of course, the first thing we all did was to look and see how our own names appeared in print, first in the roster, if we were lucky enough to have them there, and then in our class list. Then we looked at the school calendar and counted the days before the Christmas vacation, wondering why the school committee did not

give us Christmas week as well as the week after. Of course, we should not have felt quite satisfied if they had and should have wanted at least part of the week preceding as well. Probably the next thing to look for was the day set apart for the parade. This announcement has the usual asterisk after it, referring to the note, "Subject to the approval of the School Board," which seems to be Greek for "If it doesn't rain." Then we good boys look for our names under the list of prizes. We bad boys don't. Last of all we notice the new and most valuable part of the catalogue, the list of authorized text books, which is, indeed, a fine addition.

WHICH class was victorious in the rush some time ago between the First and Second Classes is still undecided, and probably we shall never know until our toes shall be turned up to the daisies. The First Class claim the victory of the first trial, but the second would probably have gone to the Second Class had not the bell rung and spoiled the fun. It was unfortunate, after all, that the rush occurred at all, for, as Dr. Merrill afterward told us, he had just been telling a visitor from out of town how good we usually were, and then we went and were "badder" than we had been for five years.

Ear-splitting yells followed by an ear-splitting rush is the way Bigelow characterizes the rush. He ought to know.

WE are glad that we are not obliged to cry out as did the editors of the first REGISTER: "'Help me, Cassius (cash us!), or I sink.'"

AS was announced in the November REGISTER, the noble factions of the First Class known as the Bedfords and the Bloomsbury gang fought for honor and "ye winning smiles of ye ladies" on a field of the cloth of gold known in the annals of our school as the "clover field." The Bedfords were first on the field and were making the brakemen on the passing trains pale with fright at their discordant yells. They grew quieter, however, when they saw the noble men of the gang approaching. After some delay this strife for honor and y. w. s. o. y. l. began. It may be well to say here that the

ladies staid at home to prepare lint. The Bloomsbury gang triumphed, thus proving their claim that they are the better men.

The Bedfords, however, for some unexplainable reason doubted it, and the B. g., confident that right was on their side, consented to teach the Bedfords a thing or two once more.

Didn't some one of those old codgers we have read of at some time in our pursuit of knowledge (with knowledge always way ahead) say something about what happens when Greek meets Greek? Well, we guess it, or at least something very like it, must have happened when this second mighty battle begun. The Bloomsbury gang again came out victorious by a score of 6-4. Long live the Bloomsbury gang!

THE pronunciation used by declaimers in their Latin quotations is by no means classical. If they wish to learn the art of this pronunciation, they should hear the various renderings of *loci* in a geometry class.

A RESTAURANT which is patronized by several of our teachers advertises the following rare dish:

"Oyster stew and made of oysters, too."

THE distribution in the First Class of George Eliot's "Scenes from Clerical Life" has given rise to many inquiries as to whether *he* wrote "Romola" and certain other novels. Alas!

A MEETING of the First Class was held Wednesday, December 2. A committee on the class pin was selected as follows: Knight, Warren, Wood, Adams, and Hewins; a temporary committee to make the preliminary arrangements for the celebration of Washington's birthday was chosen as follows: Gould, Twombly, Russell, Warren, Prescott, J. C. Hollister, and Bearse.

A second meeting was held on Wednesday, December 9, at which the plans for the celebration were carefully discussed. The oration was the most important topic, and, after a heated debate, it was voted that the competitors for the oration deliver their orations be-

fore the teachers and that the teachers select the one who, in their judgment, offers the most acceptable oration and delivers it with the best effect. The rest of the programme was decided upon and a permanent committee of arrangements elected, consisting of Gould, Parker, Bearse, J. C. Hollister, Tower, Warren, and Prescott.

AN old English writer says, "Hard students are commonly troubled with gowts, catarrh, rheum, cachexia, bradypepsia, bad eyes, collick, vertigo, and consumption; they are most part lean, dry, and ill-colored." Moral: Don't study.

THE mistake in the printing of the martial poet's name, Tyrtæus, in last month's issue can only be explained by the extreme fondness of all English people for the letter *s*.

"ALL villains get their rewards in books," says a First Class, but not a first-class, essayist.

Conversely, all who get rewards in books are villains. Rather hard on our prize boys!

THE First Class read Cicero's oration on Archias before Dr. Merrill, Mr. Burgess, Mr. Mullen, and Mr. Richardson. Our modesty alone prevents us from saying anything in praise of our translations.

A NOTED educator remarks that the study of any subject is not to impart information, but to develop our faculties. So we can satisfy ourselves after some "flunk" with the thought that our faculties are being developed, if good marks are not.

ADVICE TO NINETY-THREE.—It is a well known fact that more boys are unable to play foot-ball because of their parent's disapproval than for any other reason.

The parent's disapproval comes largely from the accounts of the game which they hear from the boys. As but few mothers or fathers understand the game, they infer from all they hear that foot-ball more closely resembles a free fight than anything else.

A boy comes home from a foot-ball game in

excitement, and of course he has his favorite hero. He forcibly describes how that man carried three or four fellows ten or fifteen yards on his back and fell only when most of the opposing eleven were on his shoulders. He tells how this player, when he has been dug out from the heap, finds his knee is out of joint, but the "fellows" pull it back again and he doesn't mind a little thing like that, but goes right on playing. Then our excited youth tells about the mean fellow on the other side who trips the players up, and how one of his victims accidentally sits on the mean fellow's head thereby getting even with him.

Now after such a description, as the listeners think they have heard the main points of the game, is it not natural for mothers, fathers, and sisters to object to their darling boys playing foot-ball?

The way to avoid this is to say nothing about the game at home. But if you must talk, do not exaggerate. The game is a rough one, but exaggerated accounts make it seem beastly.

ONE of the members of the First Class recently received a letter from Mr. Emery, our regular instructor in mathematics, who is spending the winter in California on account of his health. We know that all will be glad to hear that he has derived some benefit from the change already.

During his stay in the "land of fruits, flowers, and sunshine" he has been camping out and inspecting the fruit exhibits and fruit industries. He will spend the winter at San Marcos in a beautiful valley about thirty-five miles from San Diego and about twelve miles from the Pacific Ocean. Mr. Emery sends his regards to all the boys, and we are sure that he has the best wishes of all for a beneficial and pleasant sojourn.

THE School Editors' Club held its annual meeting on the second Friday in November and elected the following officers: President, Mr. Quimby; Vice-Presidents, Miss Brown and Miss Perry; Secretary, Mr. Dunning; Treasurer, Mr. Mott-Smith. At the meeting on December 11, the club was addressed by Mrs. Cora Stuart Wheeler. Mrs. Wheeler's

talk was interesting and instructive. During the course of her remarks she strongly recommended to all who are interested in journalism a book recently published, "To Write or Not to Write," which contains contributions from many of the most successful writers of to-day.

AN enterprising philologist of the First Class has discovered that the root of the Greek word for mother-in-law is a noun meaning grief. The modern belief is thus sustained. As we are often reminded, there is almost nothing which cannot be traced back to the Greek language.

A DEBATING club has been formed by '92. The following officers were elected December 16: President, J. C. Adams; Vice-President, J. Hewins; Secretary and Treasurer, W. Farrar.

It is, perhaps, not a well known fact that the gods are subject to the weather as we mortals are. Now that the cold, wintry days are coming on, the muses have sent Hermes — Greek for "telegram" — to us with the sad news that they will not be able to supply us with material for the REGISTER until spring. Our two principal muses, Milly Taris Res and Athletica, say that, if the weather becomes milder, they may furnish us something. To supply this unfortunate lack of material, let the numerous Callopes, Clios, Eratos, and Thalias of the school come forward and help us out. (N. B. This is the annual appeal for articles; positively last appearance.)

THE two visitors at our declamation exercises on Friday were Mr. Seaver, and Monsignor Stanley of London.

THE following men of B. L. S. '90, Harvard '94, received deturs upon the basis of work done in their Freshman year: G. C. Fiske, D. A. Ellis, M. M. Skinner, T. F. Currier, C. F. M. Malley, J. R. Nichols, J. Clement, D. J. Mulqueeney. As there were only twenty-eight deturs given the Sophomore Class, the B. L. S. may feel satisfied with its share.

PLEASANT holidays to all!

SWORD-FISHING.

The sword-fish, so the fishermen say, is not a native of the waters about our coasts, but comes here from warmer climates in summer. The full grown fish vary in weight from two hundred and fifty to five hundred pounds. They are equipped with long swords capable of piercing even the bottom of a vessel, and there are many instances recorded in which men have been killed by one of these swords.

I had heard much about these fish, and so I was eager for a chance to witness the manner in which they are taken. About the first of last August, sword fish began to be seen off the place where I was staying. Immediately all was bustle and excitement. Boats were equipped with harpooners' seats, harpoons were gotten out, lines were made ready, barrels for use as floats were hastily improvised, and in a few days every one was ready to start after the fish. The boats used to start off at daylight, and return about dark. We used to go out to the vessels every night and see the fish caught during the day. Some were all dressed, others just ready to be cleaned.

Finally I made bold to ask one of the fishermen if I might go out with him. "All right," he said, "come around in the morning." We started at daylight, but, as it was a dead calm, did not get out of the harbor till just before sunrise. Once outside we got a good breeze and started for the grounds. When fairly started, the skipper began overhauling his gear. There were several harpoons, which are sharp irons shaped somewhat like an Indian arrow-head.

Soon a watch was set on the fore cross-trees, and a man, armed with a harpoon, was sent to the harpooner's seat on the end of the bowsprit. Then the hunt began. The lookout, to prevent weariness, started a "scare" whenever any one became tired. The fish are known by a black fin which sticks up above the surface, as they lie sunning themselves on the top of the water. About noon a fish was seen and we sailed up to it. As the boat neared the fish, the harpooner threw his weapon, drew back the pole, and left the iron in the fish. To the iron was attached a rope, wound on a barrel, which was thrown overboard when the fish was

struck. Then two men in a dory went after the game and brought him to the ship. When hoisted aboard, he proved to weigh about four hundred pounds.

By this time it was getting late, and, as we were some distance from home, the captain started back. We arrived home in time for supper, which was a welcome meal, as all were very hungry after so long a sail.

LUCIUS.

THE PYGMIES.

The fragments from the writings of historians and travellers of all ages concerning the existence of a diminutive race are an interesting and even instructive study. It is proposed in this article to give the most important of these records. Homer, nine hundred years before Christ, was the first one, so far as we can ascertain, to mention the Pygmies.

"So, when inclement winters vex the plain
With piercing frosts or thick-descending rain,
To warmer seas the cranes embody'd fly,
With noise and order, through the midway sky,
To Pygmy nations wounds and death they bring,
And all the war descends upon the wing."

The Pygmies are represented by nearly all the ancients as fighting with the cranes. Aristotle is a witness to the fact that "birds go from warm countries to cold ones as the cranes do, which come from the Scythian fields to the marshes from which the Nile flows, where they are said to fight with the Pygmies. For this is not a fable, for the race of horses as well as of men is little and the former dwell in caves, wherefore they are called Troglodytes."

Herodotus does not call "the little men, under the middle stature," Pygmies; but these little Africans were no doubt similar to those mentioned in other accounts. Ctesias, an ancient Persian historian, tells of "black men in India, called Pygmies, who are very little; the greatest are two cubits high and the majority are only one cubit and a half; they grow very long hair, hanging down to the knees, and their beards are very long; and, strange to say, when their hair and beard are long enough, they nevermore wear any clothing, but bind themselves, using the hair as clothing." Ovid, in his "Metamorphoses," speaks of an old story which cannot be found now:

"Another showd, where the Pygmaean dame,
Profaning Juno's venerable name,
Turned to an airy crane, descends from far
And with her Pygmy subjects wages war."

But by far the most interesting and quaintest description is that by Sir John Mandeville. He speaks of a "gret ryvere that gothe thorghe the lond of Pygmans; where the folk ben of litylle stature, that ben but three span long; and thei ben righte faire and gentylle, bothe the men and the wommen. And thei lyven not but six yeer or seven at the moste. And he that lyveth eight year, men holden him righte passynge old. This litylle folk nouter laboren in londes ne in vyne. But thei han grete men amonges them that tylen the lond for them. And of the men of oure stature, han thei als grete skorne and wondre. And alle be it that the Pygmeyes ben litylle, yit thei ben fulle resonable, and connen bothen wytte, and gode, and malice."

Modern assertions with reference to these Pygmies are likewise quite numerous. A recent writer on Yucutan says: "If the natives are asked concerning the builders of the old ruined edifices found in Yucatan, they answer, 'The Aluxob (Pygmies) built them.' On the eastern coast of Yucatan there can be seen vestiges of ancient cities, all the houses made of stone, but not large enough for people more than three or four feet high to occupy with any comfort. Some years ago on the banks of the River Merrimac, twenty miles from the Isle of St. Louis, a number of stone tombs were found arranged in symmetrical order; no one of them was more than four feet long, and the human skeletons within them measured only three feet, though the teeth showed they were adults; the skulls were out of proportion with the rest of the body." In 1858 there died at Paris at the age of ninety a dwarf named Richebourg; he was twenty-three inches high. During the revolutionary period he is said to have passed in and out of Paris, as an infant in the arms of a nurse, with dispatches very dangerous to carry, wrapped in his clothes.

But the most conclusive argument for the Pygmies is that of Stanley, who has seen them with his own eyes and fully describes them in the account of his travels. B.

THE CLOSING SCENE IN A SCHOOL-BOY'S LIFE.

"Whence come those shrieks so wild and shrill
That cut like blades of steel the air,
Causing the creeping blood to chill,
And in the mattress raise the hair?"

Whence come they? From yon brass tubes fair,
Worked by the lungs of those fiends grim;
While some men bear it, more do swear,
And curse the players, kith and kin.

O shades of Mozart, Mendelssohn!
Ache not your teeth at music's farce?
Apollo, flay of these some one,
As once thou didst thy Marsyas!

Now Phoebus, while I grind at Greek,
The brass band hoots; thou, dear to Greece,
Launch but one shaft, and bid them sneak,
And to a tortured soul give peace"

Such was the school-boy's fervent prayer;
He clutched his book with feverish hands,
And the morning came all bright and fair,
But the youth had gone where are no bands.
D. P. B.

A RIDE IN COLORADO.

I am going to tell a few personal experiences which befell me during my stay in Colorado. My theme has to do with horse-back riding. I will not attempt to describe my first ride on a Colorado broncho, nor the consequent effects. Every one that has ever ridden a broncho will probably remember how, at his first attempt, he held to the pommel of the high California saddle with one hand, while with the other he attempted to keep the beast on *terra firma*.

One morning a party of seven, composed of two young ladies, four young men, and a guide, started out on a ride to Crystal Park from Manitou Springs. As our guide played quite an important, if not a very glorious, part, I should like to describe him. He was a short, dark man, and wore a broad sombrero, tanned leather breeches, and a six-shooter. After this man we six rode. For a little while all went well, and we enjoyed ourselves by looking at the beautiful scenery. But suddenly, without any warning, our guide turned off from the road and forced his horse through the thick

bushes growing along the road. We followed and emerged from the bushes upon a narrow trail which led to the top of a mountain. This trail was about two feet wide and was inclined at an angle of about forty-five degrees. The trees and bushes scratched our faces and knocked off our hats.

After a while the trail broadened, and we went along comfortably until we reached the entrance to Crystal Park. Here we drank from a spring that furnished the "best water in the state," as an old inhabitant of the region declared. After watering our horses, we turned up a steep bank and climbed steadily upward. The trail soon became so steep and rocky that we were forced to dismount and tie our horses; we then went on foot to the "famous" crystal beds. Seven of us dug and searched for an hour but did not get a good crystal. Remounting our horses, we cut across the country and climbed numerous large boulders in order to get views of the surrounding country. But this desire to see the scenery from high boulders got us into quite a scrape.

When we thought we had seen everything, we told the guide to take us home; but this was not so easy a thing as we imagined. It so happened that the guide had never been to this particular spot before. He did not know where he was any more than we did, but, like the omniscient ostrich, thought he knew it all. We started down the side of the mountain, but soon lost the trail; he declared that he saw the trail ahead and said that we should save a great deal by dismounting and by leading our horses for a short distance. We did so and, grasping the bridles of our horses, tramped over fallen logs, down steep gullies, and through little streams, dragging our horses through places which would make a respectable carriage horse tremble; more than once I slipped down in front of my horse, and twice he stepped on me. At last, after we had called the guide all the choice names in our vocabularies, we managed to strike the trail.

We went in single file along the narrow path that skirted the very edge of the mountain. In one place our way ran across a place where there had been a land-slide, and here we had to cross one at a time, as the weight of two or more horses would start the ground to moving

and we should have a slide of a hundred feet to some tree. At another spot we were forced to ride with both feet on the same side of the saddle to avoid being crushed against the rocks or being pushed off the trail into endless space. On still another occasion we dismounted and led our horses down a steep bank, where we narrowly escaped a serious accident. One of the young ladies, while trying to urge her horse down the bank, caught her riding habit on a log and, tripping, slipped down the bank, the log rolling after her and the horse following the log. They all brought up in a heap at the bottom, but, fortunately, no one was hurt.

We reached a safe trail at last, and from it enjoyed one of the most beautiful sights I ever beheld. We were nearly three thousand feet above the plain, and, as far as the eye could see, stretched away endless ridges of mountains, some sharp and jagged, others beautiful, green, and sloping. On our left was snow-tipped Pike's Peak, the sentinel of the mountains; on our right spread out the plain, dotted with lakes and villages. Eighty miles off we could see the dome of the capital at Denver. Below us lay Manitou and the Garden of the Gods, nestled down in the valley at the foot of the mountains. Through Manitou ran a sparkling mountain stream which had its birth among the snows of Pike's Peak. After enjoying this beautiful scenery for a long time, we wended our way homeward.

J. D. S.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A BUSINESS MANAGER.

The path of the seeker after "ads" is not altogether rosy. One sees a great deal of human nature in filling up five pages of a school paper with advertisements. A few of our experiences are recorded below; "experiences" is used advisedly, for experience, and precious little of anything more substantial, was the reward of our endeavors.

I recollect a certain blissful moment, the first I had in my three earliest days of soliciting. All the old advertisers had been visited, but quite a number of them, for various reasons, were going out, and there were still four pages, twenty-seven inches on a page, to be

filled up. I went to the top floor of the Equitable Building to see the advertising agent of one of our big firms, for in all big houses there is a certain partner or agent who does all the advertising. The agent gave me a twenty-five dollar "ad." Perhaps you can imagine how happy I was. I went to Maiden Lane, as the walk on the roof is called, and capered around for about five minutes trying to cool off. But this exuberance of spirit had time to grow exceedingly cool before the four pages were full. Finally, after my greenness wore off, it became manifest that, just as villains travel in pairs, so must the worse than villains, advertisement solicitors, do. Then we met with more success.

One day we tried all the piano ware-rooms on Tremont Street. At one of them, the last we visited, we met with a very cordial reception; we told the manager we were each expecting a piano for a Christmas present. He showed us all over the place, pausing before any especially expensive one and telling us he would make a reduction for us and we could have this for six hundred and fifty dollars. When we explained our real business, the suave salesman departed, muttering something under his breath, something that jarred on our ears so that we also departed. Though we did not get an "ad," we had learned a great deal about pianos, almost enough to offset the hour spent in inspecting the place.

Then we went into a little shop about six by eight, and there were informed that the advertising agent was in Europe. We thought as much, and came very near asking if he had emigrated yet, but we refrained.

At another place we conversed with the proprietor until, to get rid of us, he agreed to go in for the September issue. The contract was, accidentally of course, made to read two months instead of one, but the proprietor, to save us the bother of making out a new contract, signed this. He still has a card in the paper.

Another experience shows the danger of knowing too much. The business manager had been once or twice to see the proprietor of a certain store and had persuaded him to take four inches for the rest of the year. The matter for the advertisement was to be ready at seven

o'clock in the evening. That was too late for the business manager, who does not go out after six o'clock, and so the editor who had first "warmed the man up" to advertising in our paper was sent for the matter. But this youth, strong in his command of the English tongue, pointed out some syntax that would have been rapturously seized, marked *xx*, and written on the blackboard for correction, if it had entered on our essays. The gentleman did not appreciate the editor's fervor, but seized the paper, tore it in pieces, and opened the door for the scribe, who wended his way, reflecting about the vanity of knowledge.

In closing, I would urge all the members of the school, but especially those in the Second and Third Classes, for you will be editors yourselves in the near future, to patronize the advertisers as far as possible. When you do patronize them, get the discount many of them offer to the Latin School boys or, if there is no discount, let them know that you saw their "ad" in the REGISTER. By so doing you not only save money, but you will help the paper to secure larger advertisements, which, when you are editors, will be a source of everlasting joy to you.

I spoke of the Third Class just now. It is for your interests, since from your class an assistant business manager will probably be chosen next year, to adopt these suggestions. Then the position of business manager will be somewhat more of a sinecure than it may be said to be at present.

W. A. W. '92.

SHORT ESSAYS FROM THE THIRD CLASS.

I. THE QUEER DEATH OF A SANDPIPER.

During the latter part of August, while shooting shore-birds on the mud flats near Cohasset, I met with a curious incident.

I had set out my decoys and had returned to the shooting stand when I heard the call of a shore bird unknown to me. While picking up my gun, I looked cautiously around and saw a single bird coming from one direction and a flock of sandpipers from another. The single bird joined the flock and the "bunch" then flew across my decoys. I fired both my barrels and got ten birds, but to my great disappointment I did not get the single one which was a kind I had never seen before. While I was changing my cartridges in my

gun, the flock settled in my decoys. I quickly changed the cartridges and fired. To my great delight I saw the odd sandpiper lying with the rest in the mud quite a distance off. On picking it up I could not find a wound or shot mark on its body. When I skinned it for my collection, I did not find even the smallest scratch.

By this I think he must either have been struck by stray shot and stunned or, as several naturalists have reported, "frightened to death." The bird proved to be a buff-breasted sandpiper, which is not often found on the seacoast. H.

II. MACKEREL FISHING.

A popular sport among the boys on the coast of Maine is mackerel fishing. Sometime during the day before the expedition is to be made, a large quantity of clams are dug for bait and are put in a shady place on the shore.

Before daybreak the boys are up and dressed, grumbling at the hardness of their boots. Then they cram fishing lines into their pockets and, finally, the whole party tramps to the shore. The boat is launched, the bait and utensils are placed in it, and we are off.

After a row of nearly a mile the anchor is dropped, the lines unreeled, and the hooks baited and thrown overboard. It is a point of honor to catch the first fish; all intently watch their lines. Finally one excitedly begins to haul in his line. He is greeted with a jeer as he pulls up a perch. In a few minutes one boy does catch a mackerel, and, after that, the fish come thick and fast until sunrise, after which it is more difficult to catch them.

Most of the mackerel caught in this way are about a foot long and are worth about three cents each. Two hundred of these are a good catch. As there are no markets where these may be sold, all except those used by the families are given away. J.

III. BLUE HERONS.

There are two kinds of herons which inhabit large swamps surrounding fresh water. The larger of these is called the blue heron on account of the color of its feathers. These birds spend the day in different parts of the marshes, but at night they assemble in some favorite spot. The largest of these birds stand about four feet high and for this reason it is very difficult to shoot them, because, when you approach in a boat, they look over the tall grass and see you long before you can discover their small heads.

One evening, about an hour after sunset, my father and I were paddling along in a canoe waiting for a shot. Suddenly we discovered three of these birds in an old tree over a swamp. Being unable to get near enough for

a shot, we paddled the canoe up to the side of an old stub and sat perfectly still. It was the time when the herons begin to assemble for the night, and it was so dark that we could hardly see them before they were within range. Presently we heard a quack in the distance, and, keeping still as mice, we saw one coming towards us, moving his enormous wings as gracefully as an eagle. Father shot and broke his wing, causing him to fall within four feet of my head. As he was not dead and so could walk, I had a fine chance to see a heron standing in a natural position. We afterwards got another just the same size but a better specimen. R.

IV. SHORE-BIRDS.

There are more than thirty varieties of the shore-birds which pass along the New England coast every year during their migrations. Among the shore birds the peep, a species of sandpiper, is the most abundant. The ring-neck, sanderling, and yellow-leg are common birds, and during the autumn can be found on almost any marshy tract of land near the seashore. These birds are shot in great numbers for the market, and, when served at hotels, they reach the price of three dollars a dozen.

The sandpipers have, as a rule, long legs, quite long necks, and bills of moderate length, while some of the species have semi-palmated feet. The plovers, which are also included among shore birds, have short bills and long legs, and their feet have, as a general thing, a little web between the toes. Their colors vary and the birds average from five inches to a foot in length.

The habits of these birds vary but little. In the spring they start upon their migration to the north, where they breed. They arrive on the coast of New England in the latter part of April and first of May, staying only a short time. There are only a few species which stay with us during the summer, the most common being the spotted sandpiper or, as the boys call it, the "tip up," from its habit of tipping backwards and forwards. Plovers usually like a small stony beach, while the sandpipers like the mud and sand.

Most of the shore birds migrate along the coast, but a few, like the buff-breasted sandpiper, generally migrate inland. The upland plover is an inland bird. The "turnstone," called so because it turns over small stones with its bill to get its food, has also the habit of scratching in the sand as chickens scratch in a barnyard, from which habit it receives the name of chicken plover. The young of most of the shore-birds are very tame and can be easily called by a whistle, but the old ones are quite different and keep well out of the range of your gun. H.

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